

RUGGED GIRL LEAPS TO DEATH

Susie Davies, Crazed by Knock-out Drops, Casts Herself Out of a Stable Window and Dies from Injuries.

FOUND IN THE RAIN BY
GABMAN, WHO AIDS HER.

She Regains Consciousness for a Short Time, but Refuses to Disclose Name of Person Who Gave Her the Drug.

My help cometh from the Lord, which maketh heaven and earth; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Make the perfect man and behold the uprightness, for the end of that man is perfect peace. Trust the Lord and do good. So shall thou dwell in the hands of the Lord.

These Biblical quotations were the motto through life of Susie Davies, a handsome young woman, who died in the Bushwick Central Hospital to-day, a victim of knockout drops, which drove her to frenzy and made her cast herself from a window in her madness.

With legs broken, back fractured and great wounds about her head she died, mute as to the name of the man who gave her the drug. She only gave her name and address, and then murmuring a short prayer she breathed her last.

With her brother, Alexander Davies, Susie lived at No. 149 Broadway, Brooklyn. Little the young woman knew of the ways of New York. Her home was in the country, near Hudson, until three weeks ago, when she came in to keep house for her brother. Only three times since she came to New York had she been away from her home. Once was to visit her mother, who lives in Red Bank, N. J., and who was expected to make her home with her son and daughter at the end of this week. The second time she went to join an Episcopal church in Williamsburg. She was a church worker and an ardent Christian, according to those who have known her.

The third time she left home was yesterday afternoon, when she spoke to Mrs. Kate Foley, who lives on the floor below the Davieses.

"I am going out awhile," she told Mrs. Foley. "I am going to see if I can't find some light work to do at home. You know Christmas is coming on and I want to make some spending money. I don't like to ask Alex for everything I have."

That was the last known of the girl until 2 o'clock this morning, when Percy Jones, a cab driver, employed at No. 552 Van Buren street, Brooklyn, was driving to his stable and passed the corner of Gates and Ralph avenues. Standing on the corner was a woman. The man was beating down upon her and the cabman saw that she was crying bitterly.

"What is the matter?" the cabman asked, stopping his horse. "You will tell me in that rain."

"Won't you show me where I can get a car for my home?" the woman asked. "Some one has given me something which has made me lose my mind. I don't know who could have done it. I feel like a crazy person."

The cabman said that the woman was in a serious mental condition and that he had not been drinking that he could discover.

"You had better let me take you to the police station," he said. "It is only around the corner. I will drive you there."

At the mention of the police station the girl became almost hysterical. She begged and implored the cabman to drive her either to her home or to some place that would take her to Williamsburg.

"That is your address in Williamsburg?" the cabman asked in surprise. "That I will not tell," the woman replied.

Jones, feeling sorry for the woman, put her in his cab and drove her to the stable. There he met John Richardson, a negro waiter employed about the stable.

"Knockout drops have been given to this woman," the cabman told him. "She seems a little off. The doctor will be called. She is in a serious mental condition."

The two men then went to the stable. When they returned they found the woman was gone. She had jumped from the second floor of the stable and then both returned to the office. There came a call from the telephone and a call came for a cab. Jones picked up the woman and was driving her to her home when there was a sound of a heavy fall in the street.

"A woman has fallen down," said Jones, starting to drive to the scene. When he saw a burly man lying on the ground he stopped and called for a cab. Jones picked up the woman and was driving her to her home when there was a sound of a heavy fall in the street.

Opening the stable door the cabman started to drive to the scene. When he saw a burly man lying on the ground he stopped and called for a cab. Jones picked up the woman and was driving her to her home when there was a sound of a heavy fall in the street.

When the woman reached her senses she said that she had been given knockout drops by a man who had been in her room. She said that she had been in her room for some time and that she had been given the drops by a man who had been in her room.

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SILK WRAPPER KILLS MRS. HUGHES

Mlle. Crepin, French Maid, Swears Mrs. Hughes Never Wore It When Artist-Playwright Husband Was Home.

WAS A GAUZY AFFAIR
ZEPHYRS TOYED WITH.

Divorce Action in Which Eight Co-respondents Are Named Resumed Before Justice Clarke and a Jury.

The trial of Sculptor-Author-Playwright Rupert Hughes' divorce suit against his wife, Agnes Hedra Hughes, was resumed to-day before Supreme Court Justice Clarke. It began with a continuation of the cross-examination of Jeanne Crepin, the French maid, who professes to know so many wrong things about her former mistress, the defendant.

The pink silk wrapper, which swished and flirted through the testimony yesterday, snapped its train bravely to-day. According to Mlle. Crepin she saw it raised by a gust of wind one day while Mrs. Hughes was bidding Lieut. Reynolds, one of the eight alleged co-respondents, good-by at the front door, revealing underneath a most shocking lack of attire. The wrapper was one of those flimsy, shimmery Chinese things, a toy of the smallest zephyr.

"Not only did I see the back of the wrapper go up, but the front, too," said the maid. "It was open down the front all the way from the neck. Mrs. Hughes never wore it when Mr. Hughes was at home."

This incident of the gust of wind and the fluttering of the pink wrapper occurred during the time when Mrs. Hughes was living at Staten Island, the time when, the maid had testified, the sculptor's spouse used to sit in hammocks and hold hands with Mr. Reynolds and later with Arthur Conover, who is also made a party of the defense by Mr. Hughes.

Mlle. Crepin, you have testified that the room occupied by Mrs. Hughes at Staten Island was next to the one occupied by Mr. Reynolds, said Attorney Spaulding for Mrs. Hughes. "And do you say that Mr. Reynolds occupied that room continuously?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Robinson came afterward," she replied.

"Well, then, where did Mr. Conover stay when he went to the house to live?"

"Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Robinson had gone away and he took the same room," she replied.

"Now you know that the room between Conover and Mrs. Hughes, which you have sworn took place?"

"They kissed each other every morning and they used to come down to breakfast looking like a couple."

"C. Campbell, co-respondent No. 5, testified that he saw Mrs. Hughes at Eighty-first street home on evenings when the master was away."

"Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Campbell used to go out together about 10 o'clock," he said. "What time they came back I don't know."

From Eighty-first street, Manhattan, a jump was made to Syracuse square, where it is alleged, Mrs. Hughes and Robert J. Grant, co-respondent No. 6, were together constantly, and where, the maid testified yesterday, her mistress had drunk whiskey.

"Didn't see Whiskey drunk," said Mrs. Hughes. "I don't know who could have done it. I feel like a crazy person."

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MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL PRESENTS EIGHTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD HUSBAND WITH HEIR.



Marchioness of Donegal.

MR. SUBURBS HAD A ROUGH TIME

The Man Who Gloats at Bliss-ville-by-the-Pike in the Good Old Summer Days Had to Float Into Town.

CHILD KIDNAPPED BY GRANDMOTHER

Arthur Kemp Admitted in Court that His Mother Took Babe to Europe—His Wife Made Complaint.

Along in the far end of summer when the flat dwellers start back from the suburbs to the island of Manhattan the residents of the outer districts give vent to sardonic laughs.

"Ah," they say, "so you are going to New York, eh? You ought to live here the year round. It's fine. No more flat life for mine."

They came into town to-day, these suburbanites, soaked to the skin, covered with mud, pictures of isolation. Many of them were rubber boots, as the rubber boots were full of water. Out at their homes they had left flooded cellars, ruined lawns, streets that were canals. They had waded through mud, and their feet were full of mud. They had been out of commission, and on their railroad trips they had been stalled time and again.

Long Island suffered more from the storm than any community adjacent to New York and Brooklyn got the brunt of it. From Williamsburg to Coney Island the borough was flooded. The scores of suburban settlements between South Brooklyn and the Atlantic Ocean were almost wiped off the map, while Flatbush looked like the top of Mount Ararat the day the ark grounded.

In the Wash of the Trolleys. Street cars running through the streets made a wash like steamboats. The waves washed up against houses along the line, broke windows, carried away piazzas and porches and rolled into rooms. Several Flatbush residents telephoned to Police Headquarters asking that the street cars be stopped. They were afraid the waves would wash their houses away.

Coming from Jersey was like crossing the Atlantic Ocean. The Hackensack meadows were navigable for any sort of craft from the Jersey City bluffs to the Passaic River. The man from Pompton reached New York on the crest of a flood. In Westchester Woods were utilized to take children to school.

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ENDS LIFE WITH BULLET IN HEAD

Edward J. Althaus, Well-Known Man of Lynbrook, L. I., Goes to Railroad Station and Shoots Himself.

Edward J. Althaus, one of the best known and heretofore reputed to be one of the wealthiest residents of Lynbrook, L. I., committed suicide to-day by shooting himself in the head in the Long Island Railroad station at Lynbrook.

Dependence over business troubles is believed to have been the cause of the suicide. Althaus, who was thirty-five years old, left his magnificent home on Hempstead avenue telling his wife he would be back from New York this evening in time for dinner, and went direct to the railroad station.

He took a seat in the corner of the waiting room, and the employees of the station noticed that he acted morose and peculiar. At intervals he talked to himself.

The man had been there but a few minutes when he drew a revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle to his right temple and pulled the trigger. He dropped to the floor dead.

Mr. Althaus was a member of a prominent family. He had a brother, Samuel Althaus, living on a large estate at Far Rockaway. Another brother, W. C. Althaus, is in business at No. 1016 Sixth avenue, Manhattan, and it was said that it was this brother whom he intended seeing when he started for the city.

Mrs. Althaus was prostrated when she was told of the suicide. If her husband had business troubles she had not heard of them, she said, although she had noticed that for several weeks he seemed depressed and worried over something. They had lived at Lynbrook since their marriage ten or twelve years ago. They had no children.

STATEN ISLAND NOMINEES. Democrats Name Nathaniel J. Marsh for Borough President.

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Nathaniel J. Marsh was nominated for the office of Borough President and Charles J. McCormick was chosen to make the race for Sheriff. The nomination for Assemblyman went to George Bechtel, a millionaire brewer. There was no opposition to the candidates, who were nominated unanimously. The Staten Island organization is for the Tammany city ticket clear through.

Union City Ticket in Pittsburgh. PLATTSBURG, N. Y., Oct. 9.—The Republican and Democratic caucuses were held last night, and a union city ticket nominated, the Republicans naming William J. McCreary for Mayor and the other officials being evenly divided.

The Sad Tale of Mr. Fox. The first sufferer to reach The Evening World office was D. Fox, a jeweler, who lives at Seventy-third street and tenth avenue, Homewood, Brooklyn. Mr. Fox was as wet as though he had just been pulled out of the River. At every step water squirted out of the tops of his rubber boots. And this was what he said:

"I saw many persons going over front yards in boats and there they were covered with water. It is almost safe to say that there is a house in that section without water in it. Of course, the damage to these houses will be great and there will be a big loss on furniture."

Mr. Fox said that the new sewers and the sewer under construction through the lower section of Brooklyn are either destroyed or so badly damaged that the water is in the houses. "When the water began to come in earnest," continued the jeweler, "the sewers broke one after the other, and the tape of those that resisted the strong flow of water flew in the air and the water came after them in great streams."

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MARQUIS IS A FATHER AT 82

Aged Nobleman Made Happy by the Presentation of an Heir by the Young Marchioness of Donegal.

IS HIS THIRD WIFE AND
WAS BORN IN CANADA.

The Marriage Was Celebrated in December Last. After a Brief Courtship—Son Is the Earl of Belfast.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—The political troubles of the Government have been forgotten in the London drawing rooms for the present, while society gossips about the birth of the new Earl of Belfast. Incidentally, telegrams of congratulation are being sent to the Marquis of Donegal, father of the newly-born earl, from all parts of the United Kingdom.

The Marquis of Donegal is eighty-one years old. His present wife, who is his third and who has just given birth to the infant that is causing so much gossip, was Miss Violet Twining, a young Canadian. Miss Twining was educated at Wellesley, and until five years ago had spent her life in Canada and the United States.

The Marchioness of Donegal is a young woman, and when presented at court last year by Lady Strathearn, wife of the Lord High Commissioner of Canada, her beauty created a sensation. She is now twenty-three years old.

The Marquis of Donegal had been married twice previously, neither marriage resulting in issue. His first wife died and he separated from his second. Despite the fact that the Marquis is quite wealthy it is said his second wife was forced to apply to the London Workhouse for food because of poverty after the separation.

The present Marchioness brought her husband a dowry of \$60,000. She is the daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining, of Halifax, N. S., where she was born. Her mother was Miss Alice Black, whose family is largely interested in Nova Scotia shipping.

The marriage of the Marquis and Miss Twining was most romantic, the ceremony being performed after a courtship of only five weeks. They were married on Dec. 21, 1902.

At the time of their marriage it was said the Marquis had advertised for a wealthy wife, offering his title in exchange for a large dowry. As a matter of fact, Miss Twining and the Marquis met at the Marlborough Club, being introduced by Col. A. J. Gordon Kane.

At the marriage Col. Kane led the bride to the altar and Lord Strathearn gave her away. The ceremony was strictly private.

The Marquis of Donegal, who is the fifth to bear the title, is a tall and erect old gentleman with long, wavy white hair, a mass of white hair and keen blue eyes. The Donegal family is one of great value and embraced a large part of Belfast, the eldest son taking his title and the second son taking his title and the third son taking his title.

This title still holds in the family and makes the newly born infant the Earl of Belfast.

The Belfast estates are now owned by the Earl of Shrewsbury, having been conveyed to the Marquis and Miss Twining by the third Marquis of Donegal. The most important possession of the present Marquis is the Marlborough estate, in County Antrim, which yields a large revenue.

The only person who sees nothing for congratulation in the birth of the new Earl of Belfast is Lord Henry Fitzmaurice, a Conservative member of the Marquis, and who was the heir presumptive up to the time of the marriage of the Marquis and Miss Twining. He objected strenuously to the match at the time, but, owing to the advances of the Marquis, it was thought his chances of succeeding to the title were not much affected. Now, however, his nose is decidedly "out of joint."

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WOMEN BARRED IN CHINESE CASE

Magistrate Furlong Orders Them Out of Court-Room Before He Begins Examination of Accused Laundrymen.

GIRL OF 14 ON STAND
AS ACCUSING WITNESS.

Among Women Driven Out Were Members of the Chinese Mission, Who Have Showered Attentions on Prisoners.

Magistrate Furlong, before whom the Chinese laundrymen cases of Brooklyn came up to-day, took occasion as soon as court convened to order out all the women present not directly concerned in the hearing. Looking about him with a scowl of contempt and scorn, he directed his words to a number of women sitting in the room prepared for sordid disclosures.

"The ladies," with emphasis on the word, "not connected with this case will withdraw," the Magistrate said. There wasn't much of a hurried movement on the part of the women, but the Magistrate showed no signs of relenting, and they reluctantly shuffled out. Among those present were members of the Chinese Mission.

Girl Accused in Court. The two girls accused were in court as well as their families. The Chinese laundrymen arraigned for immoral practices were brought in and sat beside their attorneys. The Rev. James Wang, of No. 15 Pell street, was there to act as interpreter.

At the very outset there was a row among the attorneys of the Chinese, who couldn't distinguish their own client. Finally by the aid of the interpreter the attorneys for the Celestials came to an understanding on the identity of the men who had engaged them.

The case of Heu Tom, who kept a laundry on Summer avenue, was the first called. Policeman McGovern, who made the arrest, identified the Chinese and told his story of how he discovered the girls in the laundry.

Mamie Brennan's Story. Then Mamie Brennan was called. Mamie is fourteen years old and looked like a mere child. She was dressed in a light blue suit, with her hair in braids down her back. She went into the story of her associations with such a consideration of detail that on several occasions the court was obliged to check her. She said that her friend Lizzie Kane, who was arrested when the laundry cases were first exposed, was responsible for her presence in Heu Tom's shop. All the shocking details were recited by the girl with unhesitating speech. Her exposures laid bare the systematic immorality of the Chinese.

Under cross-examination Mamie told how the Chinese gave Lizzie Kane money, but she declared they never gave money to her. The two girls were in the habit of visiting laundry after laundry and knew the names of the Chinese engaged in washing in Brooklyn.

Charley Suey, the second laundryman examined, was held in \$200 bail. The cases of Tom Yen and Charley Won were adjourned.

Held for the Grand Jury. Lizzie Kane took the stand later in the day. She was formerly a factory worker in a tobacco factory, but for the last two years she did nothing in particular. She was arrested when the laundry cases were first exposed. She said that she did not take the Brennan girl into the laundry, but that she went upon the latter's invitation.

Magistrate Furlong after listening to a long but feeble appeal of Lewis Hirschfeld, Tom's attorney, held the Chinese for the Grand Jury in \$500 bail.

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